

(73)

Friday, 2 Mar 45  
Hq 14th AA Comd  
APO 322, S. Francisco

Good Evening Sweet Darling,

Did you think I had forsaken you since I did not write you a letter yesterday. I'm sorry Sweet but they put me to work. Impossible as that sounds, it is, nevertheless, all too true. Kowalechuk and McDutty were rather rushed so they called in the Marines (i.e. me) and we ~~not~~ worked till 11:00 PM finishing the work. I was supposed to sketch the Colonel but couldn't as I was too busy working. Yesterday afternoon I had off and I spent it creating the work of art you have already found in this letter. I hate to fold it but I guess I'll have to send it to you. It should survive all right. I think that it turned out very well. I have about half a dozen more sketches which I have to put the finishing touches to. I'll send those along as soon as I get them finished Honey. I want to get as many sketches to you as I can. In this one I was quite pleased with some of the foliage effects I got. I've always had a lot of trouble with foliage and

this is the first time I've ever hit on the right track to finding a method of rendering such stuff. That's one thing I like about drawing, each new thing that I draw presents new problems that have to be solved in different ways. The difference between the texture of silk and other cloths, the difference in texture between trees and sand, all these have to be done in a different way. I'm not particularly pleased with the foliage in this but I am startled toward being able to do a good job.

My work did not stop at last night's session but I also had to work on those cards today. It wasn't bad with three of us there, and we cleaned up all our work in the morning and just had a few things to do this afternoon. I've got to wait till we get the pieces for more signs. I hope they come through soon so I can get started on them. They want me to use gothic type lettering ~~on~~ on the signs, but if they want it done they'll have to get me a brush to do it with since the ones ~~they~~ I have aren't suitable for that kind of lettering.



The letter I selected to answer this evening is the one in which you recall the adventure of Susie, the pneumonia victim, and the unused mother. I don't blame Susie for being flustered after the remark she made, although I think that the remark was quite apt and fitting for the occasion.

So nice that you like the ring Darling I do too. The type of ring we got for you is the kind I like best even though it is said that that type of setting is rather risky. I still think that it's nicer than any other I have seen and expect to see. Very fitting for its wearer, who is far and away the nicest person I have ever laid eyes on and will ever lay these weary old eyes of mine on.

My cigarette smoking is soon going to rival yours if I keep up my present rate of smoking. This war must be curtailing your smoking even though Susie does get cartons of Luckies for you.

Tomorrow morning, bright and early, we are going to have an inspection in ranks. Everything must be spic and span. I should

have, but didn't, washed my leggings and belt for the inspection. Since my new trousers are very long, I am going to depend on them to cover the biggest part of the leggings when I blouse them over the legging top. I'll also have to wear my loose fitting shirt to cover the belt. The rest of my clothes are all right.

We're going to have a tough time getting the tent cleaned up tomorrow morning because it rained this afternoon and it is quite muddy outside. This mud is a thick red clay with a lot of small pieces of crushed coral in it to act as a binder. It really is hard to get rid of once it gets on anything, and it is on the floor.

Our PX is now selling us some fruit juice. We can buy two cans of pineapple juice and one can of grapefruit juice at a time. It is much better than beer and I am getting my share of it. I did spill a cupful of it all over my feet. The handle on my cup doesn't stay fastened very well and as I was holding a cup full of grapefruit juice in

my hand, the handle loosened and my feet  
got a citrus bath.

For the first time since I've been here  
I was bothered by chafing. My armpits, and the  
inside of my legs were quite raw. I put on a  
lot of powder and now I feel a very lot  
better. I used to be bothered by chafing, particu-  
larly my legs, in summer time back home.  
When I go back I'm going to be a practising ad-  
vocate of less clothing in summer.

While speaking of less clothing, I am  
reminded of an article in the latest issue  
of Yank where a doctor (psychiatrist) claimed  
that after the war there would be a great  
laxity of morals resulting in drastic reduc-  
tion of clothing worn by women. As an ex-  
ample he cited the "Roaring Twenties" when  
skirts were hiked up to where (quoting from  
Bob Hope) "no cheeks had to be powdered  
and more hair combed," and the "flapper"  
was all the rage. Eliminate that glint in  
your eye, loved one, that stuff is not for you.  
You are going to be very busy, and I can  
assure you, pleasantly occupied being my



wife to bother about such frivolities. I will so love you Darling that you won't have a thought for anything else but me, which is just as it should be and always shall be when I'm back in your beautiful loving arms such lovely arms.

This morning I had a little disagreement with the mail orderly over the rate of exchange from Aussie to American money and, as a result, I am going to have to go down and have ~~it~~ my money orders made out at the post office on my day off. I figured it out that 30 pounds is the equivalent of \$64.56 American money so I subtracted the \$0.34 for the money order and made out a money order for \$64.22 figuring that I'd just make it an even 30 pounds in all. The mail orderly refused to accept any ~~the~~ money order that wasn't even dollars, so I was left in the cold. He had an idea that I was trying to pull off some kind of swindle from the way he acted. I'll do it myself and will know that it is done right. I did want to get the money to you right away too, after our disagreement, it was too late to

make out another money order.

Our laundry came back today and quite a mess it was too. She dried everything in the bag so you can imagine how it looked. My sun tans are reaped from top to bottom and all around. I'm glad that I washed out my others myself so they'll look quite passable for the inspection.

Remember your friend Dave? I never met him but just know what you told me about his attitude toward the lowly g.i. His opinion of us is exactly what I find here. It seems that he is not alone in feeling his exalted position. Somehow or other it gets my goat because the idea of the "divine rights" went out, allegedly, when the Magna Carta popped up back in the 13th century. Could be it is having a fashionable revival, could be! I still don't like it and will be glad when I am out of this army and once more back in civilian life where I can meet everyone on the same footing.

It's just about time for the flight to go out Honey so I'll end this letter

now and retire to dream of greener pastures  
than these, in which I shall roam with  
you a whole dream long.

Goodnight my Darling  
I love you

Always

Freddie

P.S. I just remembered that I forgot to  
put in the floor plan of the house I  
referred to in letter 12. I'll put it in  
tomorrow's letter. OK?

I still love you more  
than ever

Here's a kiss for you Bunny my Sweet

Me again.